

HALF OF LIFE TO GO



THORA



(C)THORA'S KITSCH (CCFFT)

“**Half of life to go**” is my fifth poetry book. I was born on 18th September 1998, and I released this book when turning 25 years old. The 25th birthday holds a certain significance over other birthdays. It marks the quarter of a century--a time to seek new challenges, while building off the experience that already exists under your belt. However, I have another view about my 25th Birthday, 25 years is half of my life, instead of a quarter.

Half of life to go: reflections of the past and versions of the future. Writing these poems, I was simply reflecting on my past life, growing up at Sitiweni village, struggling with drugs addiction and depression, anxiety and failed relationships. As far as a time to seek new challenge is concerned, I give snippets and glimpse about Thora’s Kitshin (CCFFT) which is a writing club.

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@Thora’s Kitshin (Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts)

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“I'm in a boss position, I hustle to start a business
Came back to put on my day-one niggas who saw the vision
Give them a purpose, show them how to fill they palms with riches
Getting and keeping money, we wasn't taught the difference
Every legend started from the bottom, Tony washed the dishes
Grind for your spot, my nigga, now that's what I call ambition
Stay away from lazy niggas with bums in their job description
Watch when you make it, they'll try to say it's your fault they didn't
I pour my heart out, my lyrics is like a straw to sip it
I dealt with snake-ass niggas who had the wrong intentions
I was looking for payback, I heard the cost expensive
Them true colours they exposed, I used to draw an image
I put emotions to the side, this type of game is all logistics
To make it out where I come from, it's a small percentage
We all can get it, it's enough for us all to eat
If we run out of plates, after I eat, I'll wash the dishes”

Che Noir – Wash the dishes feat Benny the Butcher

Thora's Kitshin menu.

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1. Dad Roses.

Dead roses for my dad

From a once good boy, who turned bad

I was lonely in my childhood

Mom said ‘He’s gone for good’

I stood up and went to find food

Now, I get and give love I never had

Burying the dead roses in the sand

I’ve present love for my absent father

No present, even dead roses for my mother

High me, kneeled down and talked to my Heavenly Father

Dad roses is a poem of appreciation

From the lost ones at Thora’s Kitshin

To the carnivorous White feminists, my opposition

Now the rotten roses blossomed on toxic graves

Chain of golden thoughts, from a descendant of slaves

Dead roses blew up my dad’s wages.

2. Half of life to go.

25 days counting down

Heart of a clock

Every tick comes with thanatophobia

Home is calling us all

I've been ignoring the call

Five poetry books on the shelve

I need twenty more books

Really under pressure

Eye on my death day

I don't get jokes, time is my treasure

CEO's life, my PA plans my day

25 days counting down

Great and sad, all times passed

For it or against it, this time too shall pass.

Happy ½ of Life Birthday To Myself.

(REST IN PEACE TO MOSES LIMAKO, ASANDA 'BAZOOKA' DLEPHU, NTOKOZO LUNIKO, NQOBANI MABENGU AND SIBUSISO KHANYILE).

3. Still Alive.

(In celebration of 4:20)

I'm still the same old Thora
2010 Thora, I was already older than ten years old
Sometimes I'm scared of death
Still alive and scared of life too
Breathing out love every second
Daydreaming bright in my darkest sleep
My dreams are coming true
My nightmares coming at night bare too
Building a solid relationship with God
while relationships with His people died long ago
I'm still alive

My photos prove I'm still the same
Long hair, light-skinned and big eyelashes
Jesus features but my soul is demonic
Green hearted but I'm not a hater
From my plate, cup to my smoke
Proudly Greenland products
Real fast food like from the Thora's Kitshin
I never chowed corpses
Even at Dr Nandipha Magudumana's fancy restaurant
I've always kept it green
Brown leaves have always been in the bin
I quitted the nicotine
Since the day T.B and cancer took my loved ones

I still go and camp by myself
Seven days, seven nights – in the wild
Not facing a book
And I really tweet with blue birds, unlike Elon
That's real like Future with 'mask off'
Sometimes I need my space – so I take the flight
Getting high ends up with me being at ease
I talk to God face-to-face
"God, I thank you for the cheese"
Cheese made me feel like rat
I sleep with snakes and the rat in me don't snitch

I'm starring at the time
04:20 on the dot
From AM to PM
Grinding and burning
Non-drinking Commander-in-chief
I still call shots
On Adolf Hitler's birthday
I only bite on the Green mamba
I still meet with Tosh and Gadaffi
By the chemistry department
At our time for cooking
The rituals are still alive.

Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts.

4. Surreal 1

Mementos of a missed reality

Unable to sleep, but still dreaming

Worst fear is to lose my creativity

This sh!t surreal, by faith I'm living

A piece of a green cake on my birth

That one wasn't sweet, and that day not happy

Asthmatic nightmares, breathing slowly to death

Emotional disturbed, I only cry when I'm happy

From Mandela times to early two-thousands

From cheers to tears at the blink of an eye

HIV/AIDS like Coronavirus-19, souls we lost more than thousands

All my loved ones left without saying good-bye

From Miss Universe to the International anthem song and it challenge

Zozibini Tunza, Nomcebo Zikode and Master KayGee

This today wasn't promised yesterday, a lot happened and was strange

Surreal a new norm, because it seems that how reality's gonna be

This sh!t surreal but the first

Maybe the second will be real

5. Love on the mirror

Self-love is the truest love

To love her

I had to hate myself

In public giggled, holding hands

Privately I cried myself to sleep

Self-love comes with the peace of mind

Now I am loyal and honest

No longer unintentionally toxic to anyone

I know I will never cheat on myself

Dreams of chasing money,

got me following billionaires, sleepwalking

Love on the mirror

I'm in love with whom I see

The guy I want to be and be with forever

No artificial reactions, no comments. I'm good

Socializing with heartless strangers killed my mood

Locked the door and took meds in the dark room

Drugs are bad, but they're good for me

Love is true, but it's fake to me

I've been admiring myself

Putting all the air forty times to myself

Eyes glued onto the mirror

Face-to-facing God eye-to-eye

The Most High and The Highest in the room

Greed on the floor, a walk's dance with Devil

I rather walk on water like I'm Jesus

Harry Potter on the ceiling

I can't look up and pray

I rather burn incense and talk to my ancestors

Fola's, Maduna's and Khambula's

Love on the mirror

Self-love's quality is unmatched

I've been scammed before

My heart broken apart and it bleed flood of tears

Some mirrors have no true colours

Black and white like the television in nineties

Some mirrors have Rasta's portrait

I posed an ear-to-ear smile

How can I be crying on the picture?

Love on the mirror

Love on the mirror

Love on the mirror

Love on the mirror

(Self-love is important because it motivates much of our positive behaviour while reducing harmful behaviour. It both empowers us to take risks and to say no to things that don't work for us. It's a key component of building self-compassion. Self-love helps us take care of ourselves, lower stress, and strive for success.)

6. Clean

No more about that life

Now I'm old enough to have kids and wife

Self-apology letter accepted by myself

Historians not updated, stuck on my old self

I was dirty then, now I am clean

Drowning on the pink ocean I've been

Lonely on the island of thoughts

Tortoise paced and darkening thoughts

Only pills were popping in my life

Life was rough, I had to be tough

At home misunderstood

Pills screwing up my mood

Purple ocean isn't beautiful in any way

Believe me, it almost took my breath away.

(Lean remains a popular beverage among teens and young adults. Young people tend to combine the use of lean with other substances, such as marijuana or alcohol, to intensify the effects of the high. At high doses, lean can slow the central nervous system to the point where the heart and lungs will stop functioning, causing death, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse)

7. Wild adolescence

Born as Olive Twist

No GPS or Google maps

I navigated the way on my own

Came from the dark

Chasing the shooting stars

Self-educated master

But it's Tim Bowler who conferred my masters

I have live Blade's life

Playing dead to government

Grey haired days

Of carrying a pair of scissors

For chopping, crushing and self-defense

Cops harassments left me paranoid

K9 dogs still bark on my nightmares

Storytelling my life made me stutter

Some confessions won't come out

My childhood made me smarter

Dark days, joint's light made them brighter

Betting with my life on dice

Hitmen volunteering himself, for free

I was losing and locked in the cage

My life is an eternal win

I can't ask for more

My therapist still going to trauma therapy

Washing my hands still dye the water green

It's a lot of spinach that I chopped

Wild adolescence.

8. Hotel chef

The question like

Thora, are you scared?

The answer is nah

Blazzed or blessed

Mostly likely to be both

God knows I'm ngca

Cooking while they're sleeping

Like in the ceremony for ancestors

The darker the sky, the brighter the stars

Cleaning while cooking

Cooking book strictly not for publishing

Hands dirty, my knife glittering with no stain of blood

A hotel chef, not a Creator and not a killer too

I bless the food before eating, inviting God

Highly blessed meals because He pulls through

I be serving green stew on the flight back

Hotel chef

I am a guest too, just slim and shady

But at night cooking like Eminem

At Thora's Kitshin

Marshall food is only what Matters

(Welcome to Thora's hotel help-service ordering system. To order meals, please press 1. Please note that our meals might cause unexpected reactions to your nervous and immune system, that is because we have Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts. We do not serve meat dishes, and all the meals are sparked with special green herbs, all the way from Jamaica).

9. The Healthy Meal

The greener, the healthier, the better
From being an environmental activist
To be a sexual health expert
Now I am a master chef

Yesternight, we cooked until the morning
The green egg plant and the green peach
No man-made oil in the frying pan
Natural sauces spilling all over
Olive oil we squeezed from the olives

If life is a b!tch
Then she isn't that bad
Just keeps on getting thicker like dough
It must be the Yeast reaction
Baking this sh!t up
While I'm baked and up
So many spaces, muffed-ins

The heathy meal
Smell so loud, like in the KFC's drive-through
Closed my eyes to bless the food
Too quick, but the unwanted guests came through

The healthy meal
(Not served to the person under the age of 25 years old, thank you!)
@Thora's Kitshin (CCFFT)

10. Who am I?

Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts

This has been my dream fam

Since I heard Ricky Hyde's song

Let's go

A chef and a poet

Cooking delicious stew

No green lies, I got green spices instead

Matatiele is proud of me

Enemies wish death on me

I cannot even sleep at night

Past's dark but future's bright

You cannot sleep when dreams are coming true

Vegetarian by birth, but I got dreams of killing too

Who am I? You do not want to know

Militant poet with cocaine lines, guns and puns

Born a Hyena, on the field preyed on bugs

Did a couple of dirty works to clean up the spot

Love of cheese made me a Rhodent

On fourteen white lines I wrote a sonnet

Who am I?

I'm my ancestor's wildest dream

I unsee stars in my wildest dream

11. Talk

My eyes closed

Picturing a clear vision

Talking, my talk to God

Talking, mouth closed like in sign language

Prayer is louder than a knock when the door is closed

Talking to the green pots at Thora's Kitshin

Talk, not to my lawyer but to God

Talk, bear in mind the truth is my only language

Talk like West, from the south of your heart

Like The King when He just woke up

Not like Charlamagne because the truth does not change

It's not a chameleon, it can't be changed, even by God

Loud talk isn't loud, silent prayer is thunderous

Microphones on the traps, it's just set ups

Talk, talk things into existence

That's how God created the world.

12. Grandma's love

Bigger than the sky

Never run out like airplane's fuel

Instead, run longer than Nile River

Grandma's love is like a White dove fly

If it was sold, it would cost than jewel

A Jewish's blood, body and liver

Unconditional and unjudgmental

A florist pruning her plants

I great tall, blossomed and wasn't picked up

Gramma's love is true, deep and logical

Her tales over Sunday's verses and chants

Internal fountain that watered me, while I grow up.

13. Questions asked! [Anam Matati]

Who am I to you?

What do morals, loyalty, honesty & trustworthy define?

That all the worthiness provided is questioned?

Who dares to be unappreciative, unapologetic, ungrateful & inconsiderate?

Characterization played portrays fiction,

Personality revealed presents non-fiction, romance & climatic scenes.

No questions asked?

That morals, discipline, appreciation, loyalty, honesty & gratitude are given manners in maintaining and sustaining consistency towards all that is worth it.

Do we question our worth for the people we love?

Is our worth even defined by their actions?

Nevertheless, claims are that actions speak more than words because words are just empty.

However, words are strong, powerful and carry great meaning to our day to day lives but together with actions, they are very deep and clear.

Broken are all those souls promised better but later never.

Broken are the hearts of our generation.

Many are depressed but they don't know,

Many are depressed but they don't know.

Who have we become?

Or rather no questions asked?

We are defined by the past, present and future,

No mistakes and failures define us.

Thus, why just give THANKS to those lessons,

Because he who art in heaven believes in us.

No questions asked

That the only way is to cherish this life thing,

Because life and today are a gift hence we call it the present.

Our morals define our future,

Our loyalty defines our inner capabilities

& still no questions asked?

Why are we defined?

Why are we so invested into portraying characters or personnels that satisfy other people?

Why should we be good enough for people?

No questions asked

Our value,

Our worth,

Our self-discipline,

Our morality/morals

Are we questioned because of self-doubt?

Low self-esteem? lack of confidence?, discouragements?,

lack of maturity? & or lack of mental capacity?

Now we question ourselves

Am I not good enough?

Am I worth all this trouble?

What is it that I do not have , that I lack in?

STUPID I CLAIM !

No nonsensical questions to be asked no more!

Characterization paves pathways,

Personality uplifts the creation of better opportunities,

Attitude determines the altitude.

No questions asked, that we should respect our differences and appreciate the similarities !.

{M.A}

14. All Alone (Zukisa 'Zoe cie' Nxesi)

*Lying, thinking
There's no pillow to cry over
Those night winds drying my tears on my cheek
I looked at the sky
Nobody can make it
out here all alone
Running away from my shadows
So I can be all alone cause I am a lonelier
Loneliness embrace myself
Loneliness is usually to me
I only got a pen
so that my words can company me
I am here, all alone
In the dark ,listening to music so that their words can be heard by walls
And can destroy the loneliness
Feeding myself on my own words its all I got here all alone
Nobody can make it out here all alone
Loneliness diminishes the mankind
Nobody can make it out here all alone
Loneliness have become my new culture
How can I find my soul a home where water is not thirsty
and bread loaf is not a stone
I believe that nobody but
nobody
can make it out here all
alone..*

© Nxesi zukisa.

15. Untitled (Wav.y)

Eyes shut and my mind open
Reflecting on the depth
Of a polluted society
The atmosphere is instilled with hatred
Hailing from the chimneys of many households

Oh, so many homeless people in the streets
Of a society that jokes about poverty
And yet forget the role it plays-
Hopelessly resisting the process of breathing
Terribly torn clothes
With stains of garbage food
To calm the grumbling thunder of their empty stomachs
Breakfast, Lunch yet alone Dinner isn't part of their vocab
Facing the fact that they can't even afford themselves a decent feeding plan

Doors open and shut on them
Before their muscles can finally contract to utter a single
Word
When will the smoke clear,
When all are still strangers to the imposition
Of such reality
Hidden by society's misconception
I dream of a society that not just give long speeches
But put into action to eradicate
The propensity of selfishness.

16. Words of thanks.

To all people who have been showing me love and support since day, I THANK YOU ALL. It has been fun working on all these poetry books, the features that I got I highly appreciate them. In the next 25 years I will dedicate my time and energy on working at the Thora's Kitshin (CCFFT) which is a writing club at the moment, and one day will be registered as a publishing company.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MYSELF.

HAPPY BELATED TO MY YOUNGEST SISTER, ENDINAKO 'ANDY' DLEPHU SHE TURNED 11 YEARS OLD ON THE 06TH SEPTEMBER 2023.

Let's stay connected:

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AWEZ FAM.

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